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THE MENTOR

Ulysses S. Grant

By
HAMLIN GARLAND

DEPARTMENT OF
BIOGRAPHY

VOLUME 8
NUMBER 10

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The Genius of Grant

In all his career as a soldier, Grant never lost courage or equanimity. With a million men, for whose movements he was responsible, he yet carried a tranquil mind, neither depressed by disasters nor elated by success. Gentle at heart, never boasting, always modest—Grant came of the old self-contained stock, men of a simple force of being, which allied his genius to the great elemental forces of Nature—silent, invisible, irresistible.

When his work was done, this dreadful man of blood was tender toward his late adversaries as a woman toward her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, and when a revengeful spirit in the Executive Chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself, and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose.

There are men who regard Grant as only a man of luck. Surely he was! Is it not luck through such an ancestry to have had conferred upon him such a body, such a disposition, such greatness of soul, such patriotism unalloyed by ambition, such military genius, such an indomitable will, and such a capacity for handling armies?

For four years and more this man of continuous Luck, across a rugged continent, in the face of armies of men as brave as his own, performed every function of strategy in grand war that Jomini attributes to Napoleon and his greatest marshals, and Napier to Wellington. Whether Grant could have conducted a successful retreat will never be known. He was never defeated.

From Eulogy on General Grant, delivered by Henry Ward Beecher, at Tremont Temple, Boston, October 22nd, 1885.

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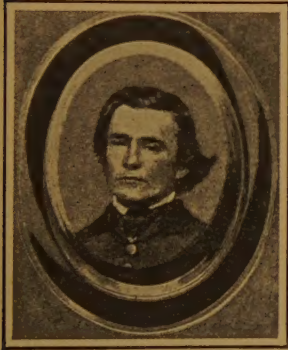
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Produced by permission of the sculptor, Henry Merwin Shrady

CAVALRY GROUP, GRANT MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
The National Memorial, opposite the Capitol, has for its chief features a heroic bronze equestrian of General Grant and two groups—"Cavalry" and "Artillery"



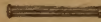
CAPTAIN GRANT

From a miniature daguerreotype given by Grant to his wife when he was stationed at Sacket's Harbor, New York, 1849, and worn by her on a wristlet

GENERAL GRANT

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Author of "Grant, His Life and Character," "Main-Traveled Roads," et cetera



**MENTOR GRAVURES:—BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT
GRANT AS SECOND LIEUTENANT • GRANT THE COM-
MANDER • PRESIDENT GRANT • GRANT MONUMENT,
CHICAGO • GRANT'S TOMB, NEW YORK.**



IN the spring of 1861 Grant, a retired captain of the regular army, was living in Galena, a small town in northwestern Illinois, employed as a clerk in a leather store of which his brothers Orville and Simpson were the managers. He was at this time a powerful, square-shouldered young man of middle height, with a quiet contained glance. His speech was noticeably concise and dignified. He was only thirty-eight years of age, but his sedate manner, and a full brown beard, made him seem middle-aged. Few people knew him. His pay was about fifty dollars a month; but he had the hope of becoming a partner in the business.

Grant's wife belonged to a St. Louis family, and his home for several years after leaving the army, and before settling in Galena, had been near the Dent homestead on the Gravois Creek road. This fact should be emphasized. His experiences in Missouri enabled him to understand the Southern feeling, and in the discussions of the slavery question, which took place almost daily in the Grant store, he was able to state the case of those whose ownership of negroes was an embarrassment and a burden. He understood also the martial spirit of the South, and was able to predict a long and savage struggle. He said: "If they ever get at it they will make a strong fight."

No one ever heard him laugh aloud; but he had a quizzical smile that was attractive. Although the obscurest man in Galena, he was well liked. In spite of his poverty there was an unassailable dignity about him, and those who really came to know him considered him an excellent citizen, a man of rare good sense, whose comments were valuable.



Photograph copyrighted by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio
 THE COTTAGE IN WHICH GRANT WAS BORN
 Point Pleasant, Ohio. Removed to the state capital,
 Columbus, for preservation

Colonel Grant

That he did not entirely undervalue himself is evident, for when he was offered a captaincy in the first volunteer regiment, he declined it modestly but firmly, "No, I cannot accept a captaincy; I am a West Point graduate; the Government educated me; I was retired as a captain and I am fitted to command a regiment; not many men are fitted to command a regiment, but I am quite certain that I have the knowledge and the experience to do so; I intend to apply for a colonel's commission."

It is important to record that Captain Grant began his struggle for a colonel's commission without the slightest aid from anybody. He had no friends in Illinois and no influential social connections anywhere. He had no political associate or advocate, and when he went to Springfield, the governor and his aides paid very little attention to him. So far as can be discovered, the first public recognition of his ability was when, on his return from his unsuccessful visit to the state capitol, Houghton, editor of the *Galena Gazette*, said: "We are now in want of just such soldiers as Captain Grant, and we hope the Government will invite him to some higher command; he is the soul of honor and no man breathes who has a more patriotic heart. We want among our young soldiers the influence of the rare leadership of men like Captain Grant."

From this it will be evident that Ulysses Grant *earned* his colonelcy

G E N E R A L G R A N T

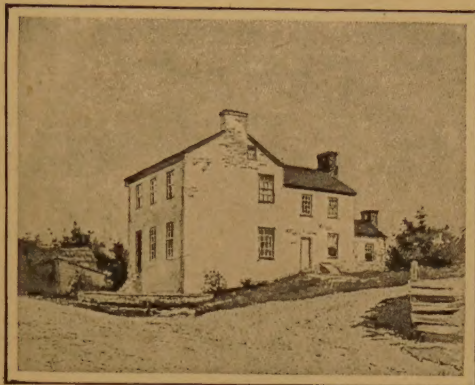
and all he got from the very start; everything was against him. In later days, after he had shown himself a man of power, many advocates rushed to claim the credit of having advanced his fortune; but the truth is he gained his promotion by his own efforts.

Appearance and Character

Grant's appearance was against him. He was plain, quiet, of medium stature, and quite without military bearing. His resignation from the army in 1854 was called a forced resignation by those disposed to evil gossip. It would be hard to find a man with fewer external aids to preferment than Ulysses Grant in 1861.

It was only by proving himself a man of action, of decision, and of military genius, that he passed from the command of a regiment to that of a brigade; and it was while brigadier-general in Missouri that he made out and sent to the department in Washington a plan of campaign that drew Lincoln's attention to him; but in truth it was not until after the surrender of Fort Donelson, when, as "Unconditional Surrender Grant," he had become a national figure, that boastful advocates arose to claim the honor of having discovered and commended him.

He was a restless leader; for him a victory was but the starting point of another campaign: No sooner was Donelson won than he started to follow up his disorganized enemy—that was his way. He began at once to move into the territory which his capture of the defenses at the mouths of the Cumberland and the Tennessee had opened to his armies, and had not Halleck, his divisional commander, practically placed him under arrest for proceeding out of his district without orders he would have carried out his plan and would have captured Kentucky and Tennessee. Furthermore, it is safe to say that, with Grant in unhampered command, the battle of Shiloh would not have been fought at that point, nor in the same disastrous fashion. The army was not placed as he would have placed it, and the Confederates were not met as he would have met them.



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

HOUSE AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO

Where Grant lived during most of his boyhood



THE FATHER AND MOTHER OF
GENERAL GRANT

Military Trials and Triumphs

This was a dark period in Grant's career. For several months he was not only forced to trail after Halleck, but Lincoln himself lost faith in him. The advance of the western armies halted; Halleck felt his way along, too timid to attack. A striking instance of retributory justice is seen in the fact that the men who did so much to check Grant and thwart his plans at this time are remembered now only as his annoyances. All those who claimed to have made him, as well as those who labored to destroy him, are forgotten by everybody but the historian, while Grant's fame looms ever larger in the perspective of American history. No zealous critic can now depreciate his work.

In spite of the jealous machination of rival political generals, and though hampered and weakened by Halleck, Grant at last obtained from Lincoln the command of his army, and carried through the Vicksburg campaign, one of the most brilliant exploits in military history. The noblest part of this amazing victory was the consideration he showed when Pemberton, his defeated foe, surrendered his sword and his army. Grant checked all cheering on the part of the Federal troops, and, when he entered the captured city, it was in such a modest and unmilitary fashion that few of the citizens of Vicksburg knew of his passing.

Many of the Southern generals were the great Northerner's friends. He had known them at West Point; some of them, like Longstreet and Buckner, were his classmates. He had no wish to humiliate them. He had no anger, no vindictiveness in his nature. He met his conquered antagonist with such singular modesty that it was said of him, "He is the last man to be distinguished by an outsider as the commander-in-chief." A stranger always had difficulty in identifying him among his staff officers, so inconspicuous was his manner and his dress.

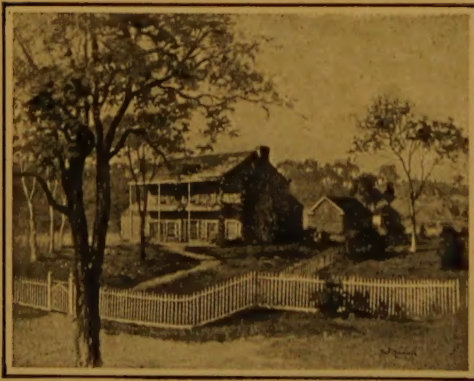
Just as in the case of his promotion at Donelson, so, after Vicksburg, men rose to claim the credit for the campaign; some of the officers on his staff were open in their pretensions; but Grant only smiled. He had a singular habit of listening to everyone's plans, and then of carrying out



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

OFFICERS' QUARTERS, JEFFERSON BARRACKS

Lieutenant Grant lived here while stationed at the post near St. Louis



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

"WHITE HAVEN"

The homestead of Colonel Dent, near St. Louis, where Grant courted Miss Julia

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his own; so far as his countenance was the index, one advisor's opinion was as good as another's. He held no military council, and his ability to remain silent was phenomenal. He began to be spoken of as "the silent general"; his men, with a note of affection, called him "the old man," although he was only forty-one. They admired him, not merely because they believed in his military genius, but because he shared all their hardships. He was a homely man, neighborly, plain spoken, a warrior who loved his men and hated war.



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT

Born Julia Dent

his work as a quartermaster with the armies in Mexico, his skill as a horseman, his personal fearlessness, his life in northern barracks, his resignation from the army in California, his stay among slave holders in Missouri, his coming to Galena,—all these are but part of a vast design—preparatory stages to the great work he was to do as Lincoln's commander-in-chief.

General after general had led the Northern armies in Virginia to defeat, till defeat had become a habit with them, and conquering a habit of the Confederates. To cure this habit Lincoln called Grant to the supreme command of the Federal forces. He too had become convinced that Grant was the man of destiny.

"I don't know what to think of Grant," he said after their first

The Man of Destiny

Grant grew with circumstance. His powers expanded swiftly with experience. As he moved on to the larger stage of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge he advanced in the same modest yet fateful fashion that had marked everything he had done up to this date. His influence at Chattanooga was almost miraculous. He brought order out of chaos in the army. He fed the starving troops. He unified the command. He met every test. He fought his battles through. The man who, as a clerk in a leather store two years before, had sold bristles and bought hides, now took his place with the great commanders of the world.

What was the magic in this silent, self-contained, low-voiced, unassuming soldier? Just this; when given a piece of work to do he carried it out so ably, so single-heartedly, so completely, and so expeditiously, that his superiors were almost forced to entrust still larger command to him. When he made a movement he made it understandingly. He was master of every situation.

He was a man of destiny. He was to be! Everything in his history falls in line. His happy, adventurous youth,



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

"HARDSCRABBLE"

The log farmhouse built by Grant, nine miles from St. Louis. The retired captain lived here with his family for three years following the completion of the house in 1855. It was removed to St. Louis in 1904, and exhibited during the World's Fair

meeting. "He is the quietest little fellow you ever saw. About the only evidence you have that he is in any place is that he makes things git!" A little later he added, "I don't know Grant's plan, and I don't want to know it; thank God I've got a general at last."

It was in this way that Ulysses Grant became the commander in the Wilderness campaign. No great general ever lived with a keener hatred of bloodshed. He loathed war, but he had the will, the resolution, and the genius of the leader who looks away and beyond the killing of men to the good to be attained. "The enemy must be defeated, and the only way to defeat him is to fight him with full strength and unhesitating resolution;" that was his creed.

All night long after the first battle of the Wilderness he sat in the light of the camp fire, his face knotted with sympathetic pain, groaning now and again with pity as he thought of his fallen soldiers; but, when the morning came, he ordered an advance!

One of the young officers who saw him that day has left a vivid description of him. "The word was passed along the line, 'Grant is in front!' As we came to a point in the road opposite where Grant was, the order was given, 'Shoulder arms, eyes right'; but it was not necessary; every eye was turned in that direction, eager to see the great commander.

"He was sitting on a low stump, his coat unbuttoned, his uniform worn, and careless in its arrangement. He wore a soft hat without a cord; his shoulder straps were soiled and tarnished, and his trousers, turned up at the bottom, were splashed with Virginia red mud; but the feature that caught our eyes was his remarkable glance, which once seen, in those days, was never forgotten.

"His face was turned squarely toward us, but his eyes seemed to look through us and beyond us. There was, on his face, that indescribably grim look which no portrait could convey, and no pen adequately describe. He was the incarnation of war."



GRANT AS BRIGADIER-GENERAL
During the first year of the Civil War

Grant The Conqueror

With regard to this final relentless campaign in Virginia we have the competent testimony of Generals Lee and Longstreet that Grant was master of the situation, for once when a group of Confederate officers were criticizing the maneuvers of their great antagonist, Lee quietly interposed, "I think, gentlemen, that General Grant has managed his affairs very well." Longstreet went further yet and said, "Grant is a great soldier; it is only fair to admit that we had the advantage of the inside lines, and a knowledge of the territory; and could concentrate our troops at any point at any time."

Not only was Grant a fighter; he was able to move his armies swiftly and in order. I have read in the official records of the War Office the original telegrams which Lee sent to his subordinates in this campaign, wherein he inquires very anxiously, "Where is Grant? Can't you find Grant?"—messages which proved conclusively that Grant had



From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

U. S. GRANT

In 1865, at the age of 43

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withdrawn his vast army so skilfully, so silently and so swiftly that Lee had lost touch with him. He could handle an army like Napoleon; and, deeper than this military skill, was an indomitable soul; he could not be whipped.

Day by day, week by week, he continued his sidelong advance. "I intend to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he said grimly, and the whole nation thrilled with the stark power of that phrase. Yet when victory came, he met the defeated chieftains without a particle of rancor. He treated them with neighborly courtesy, refusing to take Lee's sword because he did not wish to humiliate him in the slightest degree. With his own hand he wrote into the terms of surrender the clause that permitted the officers to retain their horses. As a farmer he knew the value of horses. "They will need them in the spring seeding," he said in explanation of his action. Those who witnessed this meeting declare that he looked less the conqueror than any other man in the room. He wore a private's blouse, with the general's stars sewn to its shoulders, and, with his own hand, he presented to General Lee the paper that he had written.

The close of the war disclosed two towering figures—Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses Grant. Upon them the hope of reconstruction rested. Lincoln was taken, but Grant remained to carry on the work.

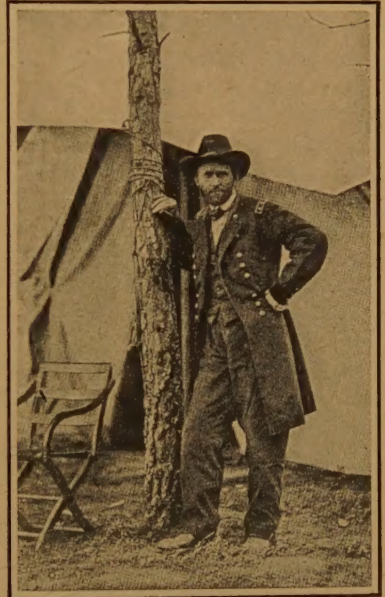
It is to be noted that both of these men, having been influenced by a residence in the South, were able to understand the problems that confronted the Southern States. The influence of Julia Dent and her St. Louis friends and relatives cannot be left out of the final estimate of Grant's character. While his stay on the Gravois had been a misfortune in many ways, estranging him from his own people, and exposing him to the pity of lesser men, it was, nevertheless, of the greatest value when he came to the point of deciding the fate of Southern men and Southern institutions.

The Patriot President

As a patriot Grant wished to see the South back in the Union at the earliest possible moment. The war was over, and he opposed resolutely all those who would oppress the conquered. As a commander he felt in honor bound to see that his paroles were observed, and, several times, he came to the point of curtly insisting that the War Department and the State Department should respect the promises he had made. As Mosby, the Confederate leader, said, "Grant was no Achilles to drag the body of his enemy around the walls of a conquered city," and, in truth, no Southern leader ever appealed to General Grant in vain.

Grant was called to the Presidency, at a special time, to do a special work—that of reconstruction—and however much he may have failed as a financial expert or as a dispenser of patronage, he carried reconstruction to its end in the spirit of the patriot; he was for the Union first, last and all the time.

His mind was simple. He had no subtlety of method. He reached his decisions without knowing precisely how; but he could, and did, state them, when they were formed, in the most precise and orderly Anglo-Saxon words. His writing, even that of his orders and reports, was delightfully free from pompous phrases. He wrote like Caesar, and made war like Napoleon.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT
From a photograph taken by Brady at
headquarters in the Wilderness

It is true that the Presidential office brought out and emphasized his limitations. He knew very few men in civilian life, and none at all of any great power or influence. He had been a soldier all the years of his early manhood, and during the six years of his residence in Missouri and Illinois, he had lived the humble life of a farmer or clerk. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should make chance appointments, and that he should be burdened with the failure of such subordinates; but beyond this, it must be kept in mind, that he was chosen to do a certain job, and the people of the North were insistent that he should stick to that job.

Grant's first administration was, naturally and inevitably, filled with the mutter of receding war. Congress was a reconstruction battleground; it was folly to expect the dove of peace to brood over a bloody battlefield. The South suffered, naturally; it had no valid reason for expecting serenity and prosperity after a struggle of such titanic bitterness as that which had filled four years of the nation's life. It was well that the Southern people had a man at the head of the army, and later in the White House, who was free from the spirit of revenge,—a magnanimous victor.

Grant was a just ruler. Now that the cloud of partisan tumult, the welter of unimportant political measures, has disappeared we can see that he was the predestined man for the place. From the day of Lincoln's death till he was elected president the second time Grant was the one man whom the people of the North entirely trusted. There was something sterling, steadfast and candid in his nature that people felt and relied upon. Southern leaders like Lee and Longstreet had perfect confidence in his honor as a soldier, and in his magnanimity as a man; more than once he stood between the Southern leaders and those who would arrest and punish them.

Bed and board in the White House made comparatively little change in his life; sphinx-like in public, he remained the simple soldier in private—the villager, in fact. He went about the streets of the capital like any other citizen. He played ball on the lawn with the boys. He spent his evenings at home with his family. The most democratic of men, he despised pomp and circumstance, and especially the pomp and circumstance of war. He clung to his old-time friends, no matter how humble their condition, or how simple their homes; and when a citizen of Georgetown, or Ripley, or Galena came to his receptions he would hold the whole line motionless while he gossiped of old friends and neighbors. His love of former acquaintances and youthful scenes had something wistful in its intensity. When in Georgetown, he would plod from cottage to cottage across the weedy lots to visit the friends of his mother. As one of them said to me, "He sat right there and talked about old times just as common as anybody else."

He knew nothing of painting or sculpture and very little of books; he was able to recognize only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle" and the other one wasn't, and yet he was singularly refined. He loathed immorality. His diction was simple, dignified and direct. He used no figures of speech and no pompous epithet; therein his mind is indicated. While his enemies were talking of "the man on horseback," he



Photograph copyrighted by Keystone View Co., Inc.

STATUE OF GRANT

Grant Square, Brooklyn, N.Y., unveiled April,
1896. William Ordway Partridge, sculptor

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From "Grant," by Hamlin Garland, The Macmillan Co., publishers

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GRANT
City Point, Virginia, 1865. From a Brady
photograph

was going his simple, unambiguous way, making no pretensions, doing his work as well as he knew how. He was an executive—that was his understanding of the presidential office; "my job is to execute the laws, not to make them," he said.

To impute to him "cunning" or "duplicity" or "Napoleonic designs" was as false then as it is ludicrous now. No citizen and no president was ever more loyal to the American ideal. He made mistakes of judgment; he confided in men who were ambitious and crafty, but his own course was that of a common-sense soldier, and the people were glad to re-elect him. Even at the close of his second term his popularity remained undiminished.

Throughout his period of office, he remained, not only unspoiled, but almost childishly eager to

retain his old friendships. His memory for faces and names was prodigious. He never forgot any one he met; hundreds of individuals testified to this fact. He loved to reward those he knew, not so much for political reasons, but because of a tender loyalty to past friendship. The only man who felt his granitic hatred was the man who played false to him; personal duplicity he hated worst of all. To such a man he could be as stern, as relentless, and as destructive as a glacier.

It was not only a time of reconstruction but a time of expansion, of speculation, of spoliation. The nation was swiftly rushing into new lands; her forests were being wasted; the Indians were being robbed; conservation was an unknown word; citizens and corporations were clamoring for special privileges, and yet in the midst of all this, Grant stood for the just and patriotic thing. He approached all problems simply and directly; concerning specie payments he said, "The way to resume is to resume." In the whiskey ring exposure he said, "Let no guilty man escape." If he did not initiate laws, he, at least, sought to carry out those on the books in the spirit of the patriot.

Private Life and Last Days

After his tour around the world and retirement to private life, the problem of how to employ himself came up. He had no profession; he knew nothing of any business but farming and not much about that. Hence, almost inevitably, he fell into the hands of those who wished to capitalize his great name. He was still enormously popular. The bitterness of partisan opposition had passed away, and when it became known that the man, honored as soldier and President, had been ruined by an unscrupulous speculator, and that he had turned over all his trophies, all his swords, all the presents from foreign Governments, a wave of sympathy came back to him in full power. Men recalled what he had meant to them in '63 and '64; few believed that he had been



THE MCLEAN HOUSE, APPOMATTOX, VIRGINIA
Here Grant and Lee fixed the terms of the Confederate General's
surrender, April 9, 1865

GENERAL GRANT

in any degree cognizant of the real character of the business with which he had been associated.

In these dark days it seemed that his life must end in a kind of vicarious dishonor; but those who thought this did not know the enormous resources of Grant's heroic soul. Old and poor, and attacked by a cancer in the throat, he set his hand to the colossal task of writing the epic story of his life. No one, not even his best friends, had any hope that he would be able to do the work more than acceptably. He had no literary training, was not a student in the ordinary sense, and yet the result of his labors was a story of such simplicity and purity of style, such reserve and dignity, that many critics professed to believe that it was the work of another hand. The story of his amazing life was as limpid as the water of a mountain brook, terse, modest in statement; yet it expressed the quality of unflinching courage which was native to him.

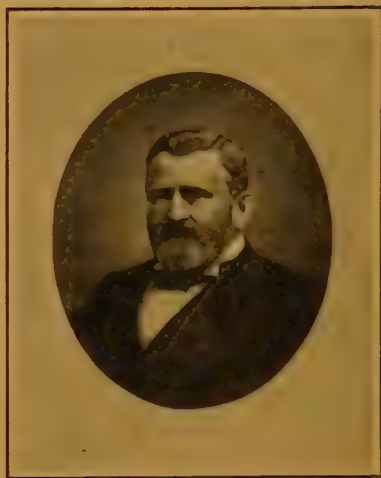
For some months he toiled, writing, or dictating one day, and revising the manuscript the next—even after his enemy reached in and silenced his voice forever, he kept on composing with pencil on a pad held upon his knee. Unable to sleep when lying down, denied all solid nutriment and forced to toss his liquid food down his throat "as if it were red-hot lead," he kept to his task with grim determination to fight it out on that line to the end. At one time he was actually given up for dead by his physician—nevertheless he rallied and went on with his history, not because he cared to celebrate himself, but for the sake of his wife and children. That the value of the book depended upon its being finished by his own hand he was keenly aware.

As he lay there on his death bed, at war with weakness, sleeplessness and pain, the love of all his friends and the forgiveness of most of his enemies came back to him, as



GENERAL GRANT AT MOUNT MCGREGOR

Surrounded by his family and devoted physicians, Grant spent his last days at the Drexel cottage, near Saratoga; and died there July 23, 1885



PRESIDENT GRANT

As he looked at the end of his administration in 1876

if to compensate him for his silence and fortitude. Delegations of Southern men, led by the generals against whom he had fought, came to press his hand and to assure him that the South realized his chivalry and magnanimity. He had the deep satisfaction of knowing that, in his last days, he was still serving as an instrument for the closing of the chasm between the North and the South.

It is deeply significant of his character to read that, in the moments of his almost intolerable agony, Grant remained not only

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uncomplaining but gently considerate of others. His deeply ingrained kindness and courtesy came out in his attitude toward the doctors, in his gratitude to his nurses, and in his patience with the strangers who flocked about the cottage to catch a last view of him. On the paper pads, which were his only means of communication, he set down such lofty words of courage, such lines of patriotism and devotion, that they will always remain among the most inspiring of his life.

In these messages he expressed his gratitude for the widespread solicitude of the nation, and his utter absence of feeling against the South, and put forth a hope that never again would any sectional hatred arise. He was the high-souled patriot even at the moment when it seemed that his sufferings were too great to permit of the slightest outside interests. His fortitude had something stupendous in its persistency and its power. Here again he seemed the man of destiny toiling on his dying bed to complete the Union for which he had fought and the peace that he had done so much to win.

At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. One of the doctors stole softly to the bedside and listened, then rose, and said in a low voice: "It is all over." Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men, were all of martial suggestiveness — ceremony for which Grant cared little. But if his spirit was able to look back upon his outworn body, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his body, on a wall looking to the south, these words should be carved: "Let Us Have Peace"; for they express, more completely than could any other symbols, the inner gentleness and patriotism of Ulysses Grant.



IN HIS CLOSING DAYS

Grant spent every moment possible writing his "Memoirs".



THE FIRST TOMB, RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK

In which the body of General Grant rested while the present monumental tomb was being erected nearby on the bank of the Hudson

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

PERSONAL MEMOIRS

Ulysses S. Grant

GRANT, His Life and Character

By Hamlin Garland

THE LIFE OF U. S. GRANT

By Louis A. Coolidge

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT

By Horace Porter

ON THE TRAIL OF GRANT AND LEE

By Frederick Trevor Hill

THE BOY'S LIFE OF U. S. GRANT

By Helen Nicolay

* * Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.



RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT

From photographs taken by Walker in 1875, and lent by Major C. C. Sniffen

The profile portraits of General Grant printed above are very rare and known only to a few. The story that goes with them is an interesting one, and was told originally by Mrs. Grant. These pictures of the General are reproduced from photographs taken in response to a request made by his wife during his second term as President of the United States. Mrs. John A. Logan, who was a close friend of Mrs. Grant, had a fine cameo picture of her husband, General Logan, which had been made in Italy. It was a very neat and skilful example of cameo cutting in stone, and Mrs. Grant had admired it. Mrs. Logan then told Mrs. Grant that, if the latter would furnish her with a profile portrait of the General, she would have it reproduced in similar cameo form. Mrs. Grant then turned to her husband and asked him to have such a picture made. "You should sit for a profile likeness—you have never had one taken," she said; but the President seemed to hesitate, turning the subject off by saying that it would be a "good deal of trouble." Mrs. Grant

wondered what the General meant by the expression "trouble." Her husband had never before shown any indisposition to sit for a photograph—it seemed to be a simple enough matter. A few days later General Grant brought home proofs of the photographs reproduced above, and then his wife realized how seriously he had taken the matter, and what the making of a profile picture had meant to him. The General evidently thought that the actual lines of the face were necessary for a profile, and, accordingly, he had gone to the trouble of having his whiskers shaved from his chin. "It was his dislike of being shaved that made the request hard to comply with," Mrs. Grant stated in an interview. "I waited for his beard to grow, and then the kind of picture that I wanted (with a full beard) was taken." Mrs. Grant remarked upon the firmness of the chin and mouth, and the kindliness that this rare picture reveals. There is disclosed "the private man himself, firm as a rock indeed, but benevolent and warm of heart."

W. S. Moffat



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT—POINT PLEASANT, OHIO



HERE is no more curious story told about General Grant than the one that concerns his name. "Grant the Many-named" might be added to the numerous cognomens by which he was known at various periods of his life. It is related that, when a babe a few weeks old, he was taken by his mother to visit her family, who lived

ten miles from the Grant cottage on the banks of the Ohio. As the first-born of Jesse and Hannah Simpson Grant had not been christened, a family council was called, at which his grandfather proposed that the child be called "Hiram." His aunt suggested "Theodore." His mother preferred "Albert," in honor of Albert Gallatin, American financier and diplomatist. Grandmother Simpson had been reading "The Adventures of Telemachus," an ancient romance which extolled the virtues of Ulysses, "whose intelligent courage, practical wisdom, and resourcefulness in all emergencies made him the ideal representative of the Ionic Greek race." Of him Fénelon, the author of "Telemachus," had written, "His wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips, which is never broken except for an important purpose."

When the four names were written on slips of paper and drawn, the grandmother's choice was confirmed. "Hiram" was added to please the grandfather, and the name became "Hiram Ulysses." Grant's mother called him "Hiram" all her days; his father, though laughed at by plain folk, delighted in the classic title, and always referred in proud accents to "My Ulysses." School-fellows and neighbors indulged in various demeaning contractions—"Ulyss," "Lyssus," "Useless," and "Lys."

When, as a youth of seventeen, Ulysses was preparing to enter West Point, his father, who had solicited the appointment for his son, "H. Ulysses," ordered a trunk to be made and marked with the initials, "H U G," in large brass tacks. "Hug!" exclaimed the young appointee, when he saw the new trunk. "I won't have that so. The boys would plague me about it." So he reversed the initials, and, when he reported to the adjutant, he signed his name, "Ulysses Hiram Grant." Arrived at the main hall of the Academy he found his name posted as "Ulysses Simpson Grant," due to a mistake on the part of Congressman Hamer when he recommended to the War Department the appointment of his young constituent. From the day of his admission the cadets dubbed "U. S." Grant, "Uncle Sam," and as "Sam" Grant the future general went through his course. The crowning name, "Unconditional Surrender" Grant, was bestowed by his soldiers after the fall of Fort Donelson.

No character in American history ever had a more substantial lineage than General Grant. "My family is American, and has been for generations, in all its

branches," he says in his "Memoirs." Matthew Grant, founder of the family in America, settled in Connecticut about 1630. A great grandfather and a great uncle of Ulysses Grant were officers in the war of the English against the French and Indians in 1756, and both were killed. Noah Grant, his grandfather, fought at Bunker Hill and served all through the Revolution. He emigrated to Ohio in 1799. His son Jesse set up a tannery at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, a frontier hamlet twenty-five miles from Cincinnati. There, in a two-room cabin on the curving bank of the Ohio River, the "Savior of the Union" was born, April 27, 1822. The house, which was enlarged as Jesse Grant prospered, was removed about thirty years ago to Columbus, Ohio, for preservation on the State fair grounds.

The mother of Ulysses Grant was born of good Pennsylvania stock. She lived to be over ninety years of age, and saw her eldest born rise to the heights; but she was never known to boast of his greatness, or express even a natural pride in his achievements. Jesse Grant was eager to give his family of six children as good an education as was obtainable in Ohio at that time. He needed the help of his oldest son on the farm, and in the tannery; but he so arranged his duties that they did not conflict with school hours. The boy liked anything that had to do with horses; so his father let him plow, plant, haul wood, and tend the animals. Meantime, he went to school at Georgetown and Ripley. In his leisure he practiced riding the tannery horses, standing up, bareback; and often, when still in his teens, he went alone on long driving trips.

The villagers were amazed when this "stumpy, freckle-faced country lad" was selected to go to the United States Military Academy, and asked why one of their number "that would be a credit to the district" had not been chosen.

While at West Point, Cadet Grant was liked for his common sense and his quiet unaffected manners. He enjoyed the opportunity to study and travel, but he had no ambition to become a soldier. Often "time hung drearily," except for the exercise of his extraordinary ability as a horseman. His jump of five feet six and a half inches over the bar established a record at West Point. He left the Academy, as one biographer puts it, "with a good average record as a student and a very high record as a man."



GRANT AS SECOND LIEUTENANT



WHEN Cadet Grant was graduated from West Point he was brevetted second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. He would have preferred to enter the cavalry, but this branch of the service had no vacancy for him. During a furlough at home, before reporting for duty at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, he was invited to

put the local militia through their paces at the semi-annual muster. Some of his boyhood companions were present, and one of them remembers that he looked "very young, very slender, and very pale . . . dressed in a long blue coat with big epaulets and big brass buttons. . . . He wore a cap, and a red sash around his waist, and he rode his horse in fine style. . . . His voice was clear and calm, and cut across the parade-ground with great precision." The youth who was to attain in middle life the highest military award within the gift of the nation was at that time slight and unimpressive in appearance; but observers noted the keen, cool, confident ways of him, and said to each other that his training at the Academy had wrought a commendable change.

It was while Lieutenant Grant was stationed at Jefferson Barracks that he lost his heart to the sister of his classmate, F. T. Dent. Miss Julia was attracted to the "plain, inexpressive youth," who frequently rode out from the Barracks to her father's farm, "White Haven." He told her of his ambition to become an instructor in mathematics and of his application for the position at West Point. He intended to leave the army as soon as he was fitted by study to fill such a post. But rumors of war with Mexico altered the course in which his life was trending. When his regiment was ordered south, he made haste to seek the hand of Colonel Dent's vivacious daughter.

The Fourth Infantry had been many months in camp before Grant, Longstreet, and other young officers had their first experience in battle. Grant won commendation for gallantry at Palo Alto in May, 1846, and was eventually advanced to the office of quartermaster. But "the duties of quartermaster could not shut him out of his command," observes Longstreet in his narrative of a brilliant military career. "You could not keep Grant out of battle. I heard his colonel say, 'There goes a man of fire!'" Though he had no intention of remaining a soldier all his life, he made the best of an excellent opportunity to assimilate the principles of warfare as he daily saw them exemplified in the commands of Generals Winfield Scott and "Rough and Ready" Taylor.

At the close of the Mexican War, brevet Captain Grant returned to St. Louis to claim his betrothed in marriage. The next few years were passed at dreary frontier posts, separated at long periods from his

wife and little sons. Always he was "kind and quiet," but he became habitually depressed, and remained much alone, brooding over the letters that arrived at long intervals from home. During a protracted period of service at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, and in northern California, he succumbed to a natural melancholy, during which he resorted at times to drink. His resignation from the army came shortly after.

Back in Missouri, poor, discredited, sore at heart, he cleared the rough acres of a piece of land given to his wife by Colonel Dent. He built a log house out of trees he felled himself, and called the place "Hard Scrabble." His shoulders drooped; he was ill and discouraged. Among commiserating neighbors, even in his own family, he was referred to as a failure. He made a living peddling grain and cordwood in the streets of St. Louis. In the evenings he was fond of playing checkers, and he nearly always won. A little later he was to play a similar game, on a vastly larger checkerboard.

In 1858, the retired captain and unsuccessful farmer went into the real estate business in St. Louis; he was a failure at that, too. He failed at other jobs he tried. He couldn't barter or cajole, and was by nature too soft-hearted to press claims for payment. His father and brothers suggested that Ulysses move his family to Galena, Illinois, and help in their wholesale leather store. He gladly accepted their offer of fifty dollars a month, "until something better should turn up."

Something better did turn up! A year later the "failure" was successful, and famous. When Lincoln called for soldiers in the spring of '61, Grant, the West Point graduate, offered his services. The governor of Illinois commissioned him colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. When he visited camp for the first time he was an object of ridicule, in a shabby hat and an old citizen's coat, worn at the elbows.

The recruits had not drilled long under their new commander before they perceived the indomitable will that lay behind his cool commands and paucity of words. When General John C. Frémont needed a regiment to defend the northern part of Missouri, Grant asked that he be sent. The governor replied, "I have no transportation." To which Colonel Grant responded, "I'll find transportation"; and forthwith issued a marching order to the men of the Twenty-first Illinois for a journey several hundred miles long.



GRANT THE COMMANDER

S EVEN years after the ceremony of the house raising at "Hard Scrabble," the master of the crude estate had passed Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg, and was wearing the double star of a major-general. Nine years after he built the big log cabin he was commissioned lieutenant-general of the armies of the Union. The discour-

aged farmer's progress to the pinnacles of military achievement is one of the glorious chapters of the nation's history.

Early in the Civil War Grant was relieved of his command as colonel of Illinois Volunteers, and made a brigadier-general. Having indirectly submitted to President Lincoln a plan of campaign in the Mississippi Valley, he was ordered to assume command of troops assembled at Cairo, at the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers. On entering Paducah, Kentucky, to hold it against advancing Confederate forces, he issued a proclamation to the citizens so just, firm and kind that Lincoln, when it was brought to his attention, declared, "The man who can write like that is fitted to command in the West."

Brigadier-General Grant was in control of ten thousand men in the important military district of Cairo, when he made a trip to St. Louis on official business in January, 1862. During a brief visit he renewed his friendship with some of those who, scarce a year before, had pitied him for his poverty and incompetency. Little by little the press in the West took note of the ability of the "silent general." The capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson spread his fame over the country. He had uncovered the road to the South. The people, overjoyed at this first victory after months of delay and defeat, asked of one another, "Who is this man Grant, who fights battles and wins them?" His message to General Buckner, February 17, 1862, fixing the terms of the capitulation of Fort Donelson, contained the resolute words that stirred the nation to flaming faith in Grant, the new-born leader. In "Unconditional Surrender" his countrymen at last had found a rallying cry.

The battle of Shiloh Church, says Hamlin Garland in his "Life of Grant," showed Ulysses Grant "to be a commander of a new type. His anxiety and intensity of mental action never passed beyond his perfect control. Neither noise nor confusion of line, neither rush of stampeding troops, nor feebleness of dilatory commanders, nor physical pain, could weaken or affright him."

Late in January, 1863, Grant arrived before the fortified city of Vicksburg. Weeks of trial and indecision followed. At last, even Lincoln doubted, and sent emissaries to discover the true condition of the army. General Grant answered no charges; he continued to mature his plans,

greatly harrassed by inundating floods. When he was finally ready to move in the middle of April, he put through "one of the most dramatic and splendid actions of the war"—the running of the batteries by Admiral Porter's gunboats and the opening of the way for the Northern footmen to move behind Vicksburg and cut off its supplies.

One that saw Major-General Grant during the siege of Vicksburg tells us he had a "solid erect figure, square features, thin closed lips, brown hair and brown beard, both cut short and neat. He looked like a man in earnest. There was no posturing for effect; he was only a plain business man, filled with the single purpose of getting that command across the river in the shortest time possible."

At the close of the Vicksburg campaign—a campaign that "brought to him full knowledge of his power to command men,"—Grant was appointed commander-in-chief of two hundred thousand soldiers, comprising the entire Western army. After his sensational exploit of retaking Missionary Ridge and rescuing Chattanooga, he was heralded in Washington as a warrior who had "fought more battles and won more victories than any man living—who had captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times."

The President signed the bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, and nominated Grant as commander of all the Federal forces, east and west. Grant went to Washington to receive his commission from the hands of Lincoln, whom he had never met. In his new commander the President found a man who greatly pleased him, ejaculating, "Thank God, I've found a general at last!"

In the bloody "Wilderness," and during the siege of Petersburg, he justified the trust of Lincoln and the nation. Richmond fell. Lee surrendered. At Appomattox Court-House, on April 9, 1865, Grant experienced his supreme hour of victory; but with a sensation of sadness, he has told us, "at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly." As he had stopped the cheering at Donelson and Vicksburg, so he suppressed the salute his exultant men would have given him. At that overwhelming moment he was concerned with thoughts of how best to provision Lee's starving army, and arrange terms of surrender as gracious as a man of his great heart knew how to dictate.



PRESIDENT GRANT



HE solemn pageant of the Grand Review of the armies of the North filed for two days through the streets of Washington, one month after the assassination of President Lincoln in April, 1865. Fifteen months later, Grant's martial career was crowned by Congress in the bestowal of the extraordinary title of General. During

the early period of Reconstruction, following the war, General Grant maintained the attitude of Lincoln toward the South, and stood like a bulwark against the tides of vindictiveness, recrimination and plotting that swept the country. For a short term he filled the office of Secretary of War under President Johnson.

When the time arrived to consider new candidates for the Presidency, Grant was approached by representatives of both parties. His own leanings were toward the Republican party, and he was unanimously nominated by the Republican Convention on the first ballot. His opponent in the election, Governor Horatio Seymour of New York, received only eighty electoral votes as against two hundred and fourteen votes cast for Grant.

Grant remained in retirement in Galena until the day of the election, refusing to take part in the controversies of the campaign. It was characteristic of him that he wrote his inaugural address without consultation with friends or political advisers. He said, "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought; I commence its duties untrammelled." He exercised entire independence in the choosing of his cabinet, to the consternation of his political associates. "In entering upon the Presidency," says an observer of the times, "Grant found himself confronted by political conditions in the South which might have staggered a statesman of life-long experience, and for which he was in no way responsible; while domestic questions affecting the nation's financial credit and foreign problems affecting its standing among the nations of the world pressed for consideration. Those who criticize the course of his Administration and condemn him for his choice of advisers might first point out what statesman of the day would have done better in his place, and what advisers would have aided him to more beneficent results."

During the eight years that Grant spent in the White House he made mistakes. But no one, with justice, ever questioned his honesty of purpose. Coolidge, in his story of Grant's life, remarks, "Almost without exception the mistakes he made were errors arising from childlike trust and unfortunate associations. They seldom affected adversely measures of broad public policy. When we recall the great accomplishments of his administra-

tions,—the establishment of the principle of international arbitration through the Treaty of Washington; the upholding of American dignity and the assertion of American rights in the matter of handling of the Cuban complications; the rehabilitation of the national credit and the maintenance of the national honor; the inauguration of a consistent and merciful policy toward the Indians; the recognition of the principle of civil service reform; and the restoration of a semblance of order in the South,—we are tempted to subordinate, though we cannot honestly ignore, the personal differences that marred the period of his service and the public scandal attaching to some of those who, in the shelter of his friendship and of offices bestowed upon them through his favor, betrayed his trust."

In the executive mansion, Grant maintained his usual self-contained, simple, direct manners. He was criticized for his taciturnity toward the public; but friends found him interested, as always, in intimate news of themselves and their families. Certain opposition newspapers vilified him and criticized his lack of tact. During the campaign preceding his election to a second term it was openly charged that he had "shown himself deplorably unequal to the task imposed upon him by the necessities of the country, and culpably careless of the responsibilities of his high office." But the people at large showed their faith and approval by keeping Grant in office for another four years.

The movement to build up the American merchant marine had a strong supporter in President Grant. He believed that "a revival of ship-building is of vast importance to our national prosperity." He urged "the disfranchisement of all who cannot read and write the English language after a fixed probation." On many other matters that are subjects of discussion today, he took a strong stand. In the last message he sent to Congress, in December, 1876, he deprecated the fact that he had been "called to the office of the Chief Executive without any previous training. Under such circumstances it is but reasonable to suppose that errors of judgment must have occurred. I leave comparisons to history, claiming only that I have acted in every instance from a conscientious desire to do what was right, constitutional, within the law, and for the very best interests of the whole people. Failures have been errors of judgment, not of intent."





WHEN Grant left the White House, shorn of all titles and responsibilities, he stepped, in a single hour, "from the cares and tumults of the head of the nation to the silence and leisure of private life. . . .

An appreciable reaction in sentiment set in, and receptions, dinners, and cordial street greetings met the ex-President

wherever he went. This became so markedly spontaneous and genuine that he exclaimed to a friend: 'Why, it is just as it was immediately after the war!'—thus revealing his grateful pleasure in the return of good will toward him. He was like a boy released from school on a Saturday in June. Since the firing on Fort Sumter he had not enjoyed a single day's complete release from absorbing duties. For sixteen years he had borne constantly increasing responsibility. Now he had time for play."

About the middle of May, 1877, ex-President Grant's party, which included his wife and his youngest son, Jesse, sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool. There the English citizenry received him with flattering honors. Liverpool and Manchester presented him with the freedom of the city, and his journey to London was a royal progress. Grant was greatly surprised at the demonstration. "I know," he declared, "that this reception is intended more for my country than for myself."

Everywhere he went he enjoyed the scenery, and liked meeting representative groups of Englishmen, "but the common people best of all." As to formal ovations Mrs. Grant said, "He submitted to them, but did not enjoy them."

In London, where his married daughter, Nellie Grant Sartoris, lived at the time, he had an audience with the Prince of Wales and dined with the Duke of Wellington, son of the Iron Duke. Wherever he appeared he was admired for his robust good looks and dignified simplicity, and praised as "the greatest warrior of the age." He and Mrs. Grant were entertained by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. A few days later he received a deputation of workmen from London and the provinces.

"To the working and mercantile classes of Great Britain," says Hamlin Garland, "General Grant was something more than a soldier and a statesman. He stood to them as the greatest example of democratic attainment of his time. Unaided and alone, he had climbed from the humble position of one who labored in the field and toiled as a clerk to a command surpassing that of Wellington or Napoleon."

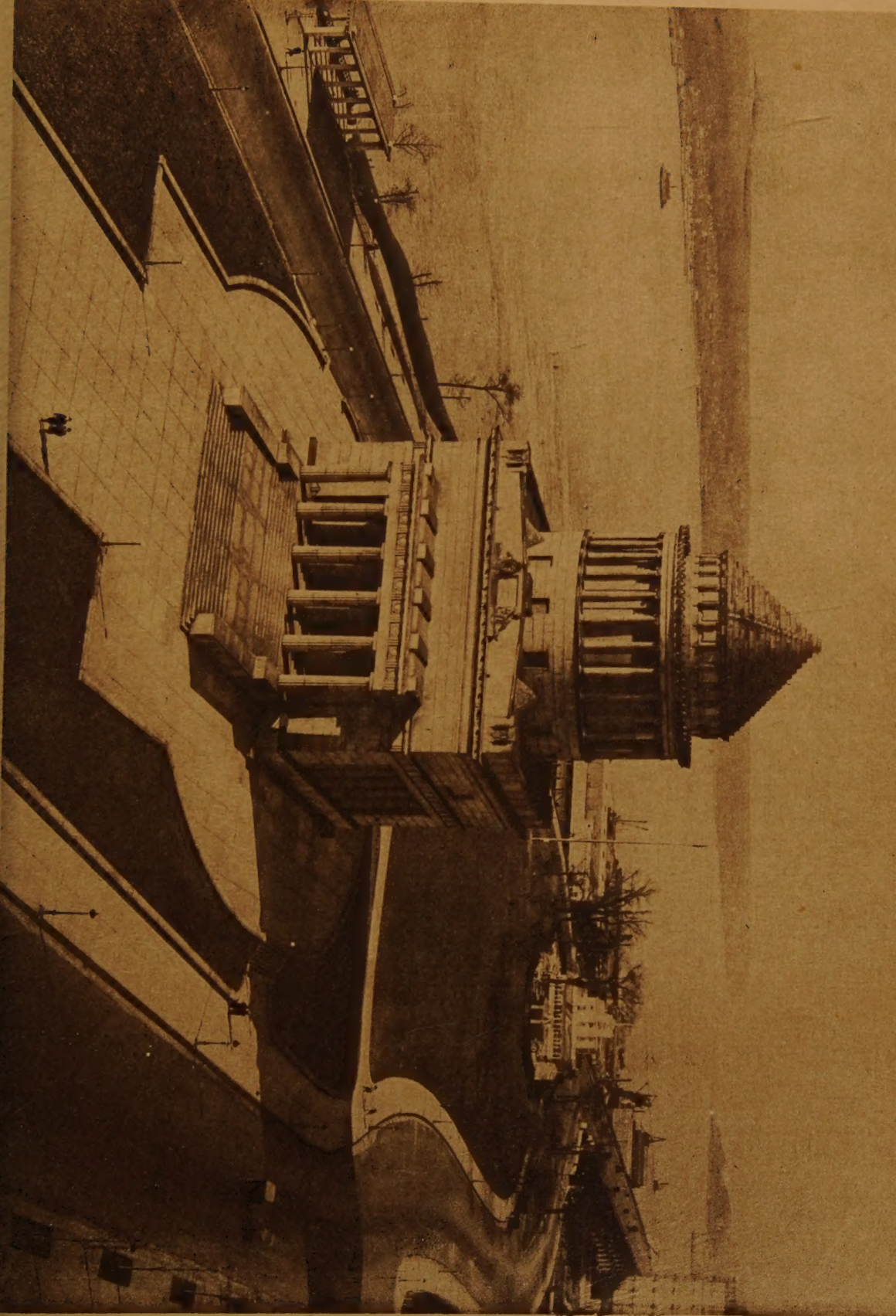
General Grant—"general" only by courtesy now, since he had surrendered his rank and sword when he entered the

White House—met the great French statesman, Léon Gambetta, during his stay in Paris. As the guest of the Khedive of Egypt the Grant party made a trip up the Nile. The ex-President's close companion, Adam Badeau, who toured with him through Europe, tells us he "liked Thebes better than Milan, the Pyramids better than the Cathedral of Cologne. It was the colossal character that impressed him; not the artistic elaboration or effect; just as in Nature it was the Alps rather than the smiling villages of the Rhine. Delicate beauties were always too small for him to grasp, both in literature and art. He was more curious about geography than mythology." Rather to his companions' distress, they found him bored by art museums, and indifferent to architectural marvels. But Grant would not pretend. He praised only the sights that honestly appealed to him.

When the distinguished American visited Berlin he was much impressed, depressed, too, by the over-burdening display of military strength. Though one of the noblest warriors of his epoch, he was frank to say that he disliked things warlike. To Bismarck, the chancellor, he confessed, "I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure."

A tour of Holland and the Scandinavian countries preceded a visit to Russia. Returning to London, after a journey through southern Europe, Grant, his wife, his son, Colonel Fred Grant, and John Russell Young, of the *New York Herald*, embarked for India. "The means to stay away longer" had been provided by some fortunate investments that his son Ulysses had made for him. Grant wrote home concerning the agreeable impression he had received of "British rule and British hospitality in India." Japan he found "beautiful beyond description." His meeting with Li Hung Chang, viceroy of China, was one of the most interesting events of the Oriental tour.

The General had been away from home over two years, when he reached San Francisco in the fall of 1879. "He was undoubtedly the greatest traveler that ever lived," says Badeau. "No other man was ever received by both peoples and sovereigns, by scholars and merchants, by workpeople and statesmen as was General Grant."



GRANT'S journey across the continent from San Francisco was punctuated by a succession of forceful incidents. He was hailed as "the best general in the world," and put forward as a potential candidate for a third Presidential term. "We'll make you President" the people shouted from thronged platforms. Indeed "Grant's

influence seemed to be in the air; no one questioned at this moment his dominancy of the public mind."

For several months after returning home he traveled in Cuba and Mexico, and in the Southern States. He made a triumphal journey up the Mississippi River, from New Orleans to Cairo, stopping at Vicksburg in response to a special invitation to enter "by the front door" the city, whose "back door" he had once been compelled to force. At Galena, his old home in Illinois, he awaited the news from the Republican Convention at Chicago. When the word came that, despite a strong fight on the part of Grant's champions, Garfield had received the nomination, he frankly expressed relief.

It was necessary for the ex-President to find some remunerative employment, and he moved with his family to New York, hoping to make a connection that would bring him a reasonably good livelihood. He was then fifty-nine years old, without a profession, business, or living income. At his home in New York, Number 3 East 66th Street, he preferred the simplest of everyday conditions and surroundings. He liked to have his friends about him, but always resisted any attempt on their part to treat him with ceremony.

He was induced to invest all the capital he had in a private banking business organized by a brilliant young Wall Street operator, whose name was Ferdinand Ward. In forming this alliance Grant stood firm on one point. He would not permit his name to be used to influence contracts given by the Government. "I had been President of the United States," he testified later, "and I did not think it was suitable for me to have my name connected with Government contracts, and I knew that there was no large profit in them except by dishonest measures." For four years the General and his family lived in ease and contentment. The firm of Grant and Ward had a rating of \$15,000,000, and dividends flowed in. Then, "when there was scarcely a cloud in his sky," on a day in May, 1884, the General, on entering his office, was informed, "Grant and Ward have failed, and Ward has fled." The boasted security of the firm was a wraith. Grant and his sons were pauperized. "Financially the Grant family is ruined for the present, and by

the most stupendous frauds ever perpetrated," he wrote to a close relative. As collateral for a loan previously made, Grant turned over real estate and personal property belonging to himself and his wife, even the trophies of his military career,—medals, swords and uniforms. Later these treasured souvenirs were placed in trust for the people of the nation in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

"No longer could Grant justify his simple faith in human nature," says Mr. Coolidge, in writing of this crushing episode in a life of varied fortune and misfortune. "Yet his bitterness of soul was sanctified. Without it history could not record the last fine chapter of his contradictory career, shedding a halo over all that went before. His bearing in adversity beatified him in the world's regard."

Buoyed by the same quality of courage that had carried him victorious through other black days, Grant set himself to the task of writing for the *Century Magazine* a series of articles relating to the chief engagements of the Civil War. Greatly to his surprise and gratification he discovered within himself a real gift for narrative. With the aid of his oldest son, Fred, and his military biographer, Adam Badeau, he began to put in written form the story of his life. It was while he was engaged in the preparation of this manuscript that he was stricken with a cancerous affection of the throat. Grimly he kept on writing, spurred at times to agonizing effort by the realization that the completion of his "Memoirs" would mean salvation, not only to himself, but to his family. When, finally, he could no longer speak, and he was too frail to walk unsupported, his mind still remained phenomenally clear. He continued to write when, in the opinion of his devoted physician, Dr. George F. Shrady, "most men would have been in bed, and under the influence of an anodyne."

In June, 1885, the invalid was removed to the hills near Saratoga Springs, New York. There, in a cottage that had been put at his service by a friend, Mr. James W. Drexel, he wrote the final chapters of his life, in the midst of indescribable suffering, patiently endured. A few days before his passing, on July 23, 1885, he laid down his pencil, and, fearless in the face of Death, awaited the summons.

Grant's Offer of Service

In 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War, Grant was made a mustering officer of the State of Illinois. In May, 1861, Charles Lamphier, editor of the "Springfield Register," found him looking "fagged out, lonesome, poor and dejected." "What are you doing here in Springfield, Captain?" asked Lamphier. "Nothing—waiting," Grant replied.

Shortly after, he obtained a leave of absence, and went to his home town, Galena. It was while there that he wrote the following letter of application to Washington:

Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.

Galena, Ill., May 24, 1861.

Sir:

Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Ill., will reach me.

I am very Respectfully,

Your Obt. Svt.,

U. S. GRANT.

Receiving no reply, and, seeing no hope of appointment in Illinois, he made a visit to St. Louis, and applied for service under the State of Missouri, but got nothing. He then went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where George B. McClellan was in command. He sought a position on General McClellan's staff, but, after calling twice, failed even to see McClellan. While in Cincinnati, he received a telegram from Governor Yates offering him the command of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. This was a disorderly and troublesome command, but Grant brought the regiment quickly under discipline, and, in the face of demoralizing conditions, showed himself the cool, calm master-commander.

THE MENTOR

THE MENTOR IN BOOK FORM

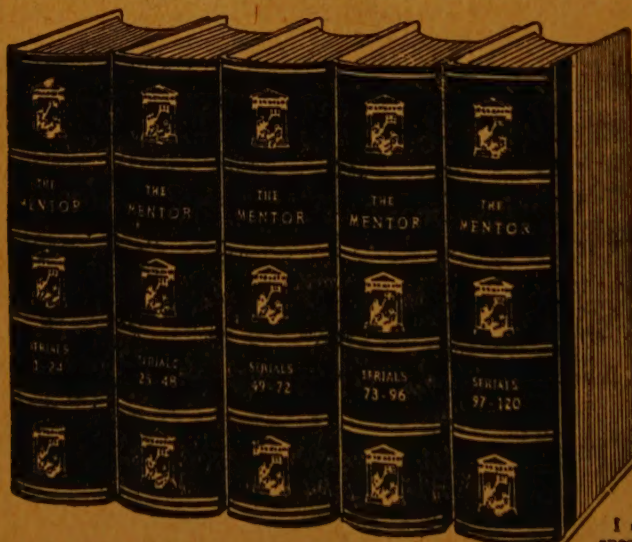
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